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AUTHORITY

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ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢

Up... UP INTO THE PERILOUS
REGIONS BEYOND THE
UNIVERSE ITSELF! IT CALLED
FOR DARING, FOR NERVES OF IRON...
NOT FOR A...

**"COWARD in
OUTER SPACE!"**

John
R

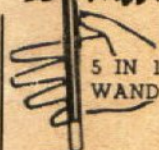




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To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



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WAND

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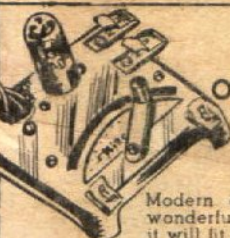
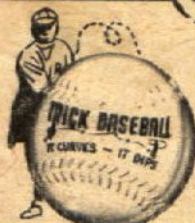
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Watch it change color! How does it do it? Nobody knows. But everyone agrees that it's great fun watching them. The change takes only a few minutes and it happens right in front of your eyes. It catches flies and other annoying insects. Send for a pair and then watch the fun. Endless entertainment with these playful little creatures.

No. 135

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FINGER CHOPPER

First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222.... Only 1.00

DOWN THROUGH THE CENTURIES, THE LURE OF ADVENTURE HAS LED BRAVE MEN TO RENOUNCE SAFETY...TO FACE UNKNOWN PERILS! UNFLINCHING COURAGE AND IRON NERVES ARE ESSENTIAL TO HEROISM...YET THESE WERE TRAITS WHICH PETER MERIDALE LACKED COMPLETELY! READ THIS STRANGE TALE OF THE INCREDIBLE EVENTS WHICH OVERTOOK HIM... THE OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD EXPERIENCES WHICH BEFELL THIS---

COWARD *in* OUTER SPACE!

OH---NO!
WE'VE GOT A
STOWAWAY
ABOARD!

PETER MERIDALE WAS YOUNG,
WEALTHY, AND STUDIOUS... BUT A
TERRIBLE COWARD, AFRAID OF HIS
OWN SHADOW...

DEAR, DEAR...MY
HAIR SEEMS TO BE
THINNING...

MEET CYNTHIA MORGAN,
BEAUTIFUL SOCIALITE SHREW WITH
A VIOLENT TEMPER...

DARNED TELEPHONE BOOK...YOU
CAN NEVER FIND THE NUMBER
YOU'RE LOOK-
ING FOR!

R-RIP!

HOW PETER GOT HIMSELF ENGAGED TO CYNTHIA HE
NEVER UNDERSTOOD! ALL HE REMEMBERED WAS BEING
AT A COUNTRY CLUB DANCE WHEN---

BUT CYNTHIA--WHERE
ARE YOU TAKING
ME?

OH, COME ALONG,
PETER...THERE'S A
GLORIOUS MOON
OUT-
SIDE!

HE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO SEE THE MOON! SHE WAS IMPULSIVE...WITH MUSCLES...

CYNTHIA!
GOOD HEAVENS!

YOU'RE SO
MASTERFUL,
DARLING...I DIDN'T
KNOW YOU CARED!

YES, IT WAS ALL LIKE A TERRIFYING DREAM...

LADIES AND GENTLE-
MEN! PETER AND I WANT
TO ANNOUNCE OUR
ENGAGEMENT!

OH, N-NO! THIS
CAN'T BE REAL!

POOR MAN! HE NEVER REALIZED THAT CYNTHIA HAD AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS HEAD, AND SAW THE WISDOM OF LINKING THEIR FAMILY FORTUNES! FROM THEN ON HIS LIFE WAS COMPLETELY CHANGED, A NIGHTMARE TO ONE OF HIS TIMID, RETIRING NATURE...

STOP...GLUB!
...I---I'M
AFRAID OF
WATER!

PUT ME DOWN
THIS INSTANT!
I DON'T CARE IF
I DO GET MY
FEET WET!

PLEASE, CAN'T
I LEAD FOR
A WHILE?

KNOWING IT WOULD BE WORSE AFTER THEY WERE MARRIED, PETER THOUGHT ONLY OF FLIGHT! BUT WHERE? CYNTHIA WOULD PURSUE HIM TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH! BUT THEN PROFESSOR DANIEL KITTERING CAME WITH ASTONISHING NEWS...

I---DON'T
UNDERSTAND...

I'VE DISCOVERED
A NEW PLANET! FOR
MILLIONS OF YEARS, IT
HAS BEEN PERFECTLY
ATTUNED
TO EARTH!

PETER'S ONETIME COLLEGE PROFESSOR WAS A BRILLIANT ASTRONOMER, FAMED FOR HIS ROCKET EXPERIMENTS...

I'VE LEARNED THAT
PLANETS COME IN PAIRS!
YOU SEE, NATURE IS SYMMETRI-
CAL...IT PAIRS EVERYTHING...
EYES, HANDS...AND THIS SYMMETRY
EVEN EXTENDS TO A PLANET
IDENTICAL TO EARTH, WHERE
EACH OF US HAS AN EXACT
COUNTERPART!


EARTH'S SISTER PLANET IS ALLARA,
WHICH WILL BE A MERE 4 BILLION
MILES FROM US SHORTLY! I MEAN
TO MAKE THE TRIP IN MY NEW
ROCKET...BUT I NEED MONEY
TO PUSH ITS DEVELOPMENT!
GIVE ME A BLANK CHECK,
PETER!

Y-YES, SIR...
OF COURSE!

PETER WAS MUCH ENTHUSED AT
THE IDEA, AND PROUD OF HIS PART!
COINCIDENTALLY, THE TAKEOFF DATE
COINCIDED WITH HIS UNWELCOME
MARRIAGE...


SINCE THE WEDDING IS TOMORROW,
I WANT YOU TO GET SOME THINGS
STRAIGHT! I'LL HANDLE THE
FAMILY FINANCES, AND I'LL
ALSO SEE THAT
YOU CHANGE
YOUR WAYS!
I'VE DRAWN
UP A LIST...

JUST ONE MORE
DAY OF FREEDOM
...AND THEN A
LIFETIME WITH...
HER!

OUT OF SHEER DESPERATION, PETER'S GREAT IDEA WAS BORN! HE FLED PITEOUSLY TO PROFESSOR KITTING...
A man in a blue suit (Peter) is pleading with an older man in a white lab coat (Professor Kitting) who is holding a clipboard. They are in a laboratory setting with scientific equipment in the background.

TAKE ME ALONG,
SIR! SAVE MY LIFE...
I BEG OF YOU!

NO! ONLY QUALIFIED
SCIENTISTS MAY GO...
I WOULDN'T DREAM OF
EXPOSING YOU TO
SUCH RISKS!


THIS THOUGHT OF CYNTHIA PURSUED PETER AS HE LEFT THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE! NEARBY WAS THE SHADOWY BULK OF THE EXPERIMENTAL ROCKET, AND FEAR GAVE RISE TO ACTION...
Peter is running on a platform towards a large, cylindrical rocket. A lighthouse-like structure is visible in the background.

N-NOBODY'S AROUND!
I DON'T CARE... I'M GOING
WITH THEM... WHERE SHE
CAN NEVER FIND ME!

LAUNCHING
PLATFORM


MORNING DAWNED CLEAR AND BRIGHT...
Professor Kitting, in a red jumpsuit, is speaking to two other men in red jumpsuits who are looking at a yellow document. They are on a launch platform.

EVERYBODY ABOARD! GENTLE-
MEN, THE WORLD WILL LONG
REMEMBER THIS DAY!

A LOW HUM ROSE TO A SCREAMING WHINE!
IMMENSELY POWERFUL TURBINES DROWNED
OUT ALL OTHER SOUND AS THE ROCKET SHIP
TREMBLED...AND THEN...
A rocket ship is shown launching, angled upwards. A large explosion of fire and smoke is at its base. A satellite dish is visible on the ground.

WE'RE AIR-
BORNE!

WHOOOSH!


WITHIN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE
THE JET ROAR WAS TERRIFIC, BUT AS
THE AIR THINNED AND THE MOTOR
NOISE DROPPED TO AN EVEN PURR,
THE SCIENTISTS BECAME AWARE
OF ANOTHER HIGH-PITCHED SOUND...
A close-up of Professor Kitting's face, looking concerned and slightly disheveled.

AIEEEEE!
TURN BACK!
WE'LL ALL BE
KILLED!

LEAPING
LUCIFER!
WHAT'S HE
DOING HERE?

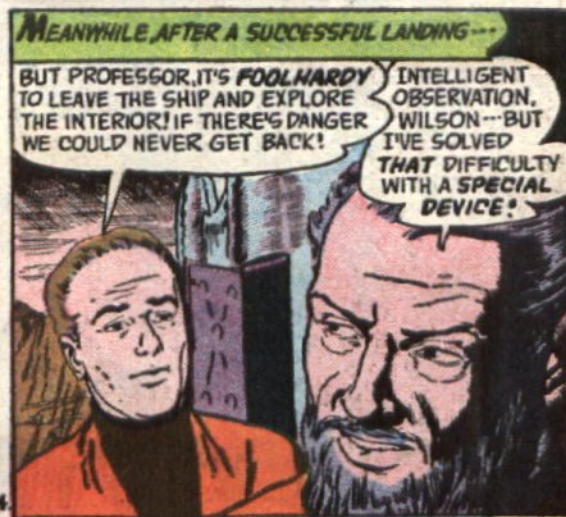
I MADE A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!
TAKE ME BACK, PROFESSOR...
PLEASE!
Peter is pleading with Professor Kitting, who is holding a dark bag or bundle. They are in a dark, possibly underground or space environment.

IT'S TOO LATE!
PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER, MAN
...AND KEEP OUT
OF OUR WAY!

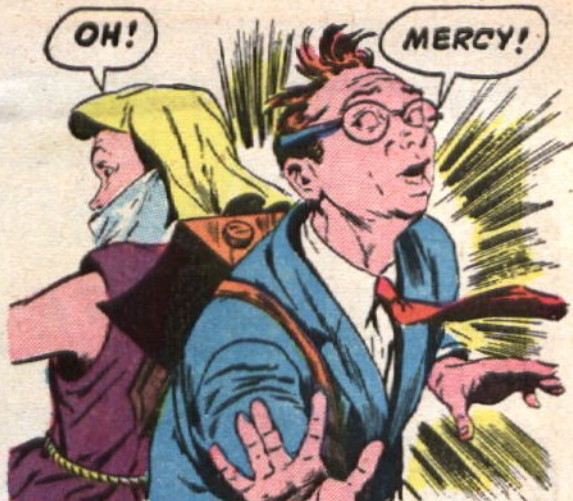
TRAVELING AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT,
THE CRAFT STREAKED PAST TWIST-
ING NEBULAE, VAST CLOUDS OF
FIERY COSMIC DUST, AND BLAZING
STAR CLUSTERS...
The rocket ship is shown in space, streaking past colorful nebulae and star clusters. A large, red, cratered planet is in the foreground.

EVERYTHING GOING
FINE, PROFESSOR!
YOU'VE PLANNED
THIS VENTURE
PERFECTLY!

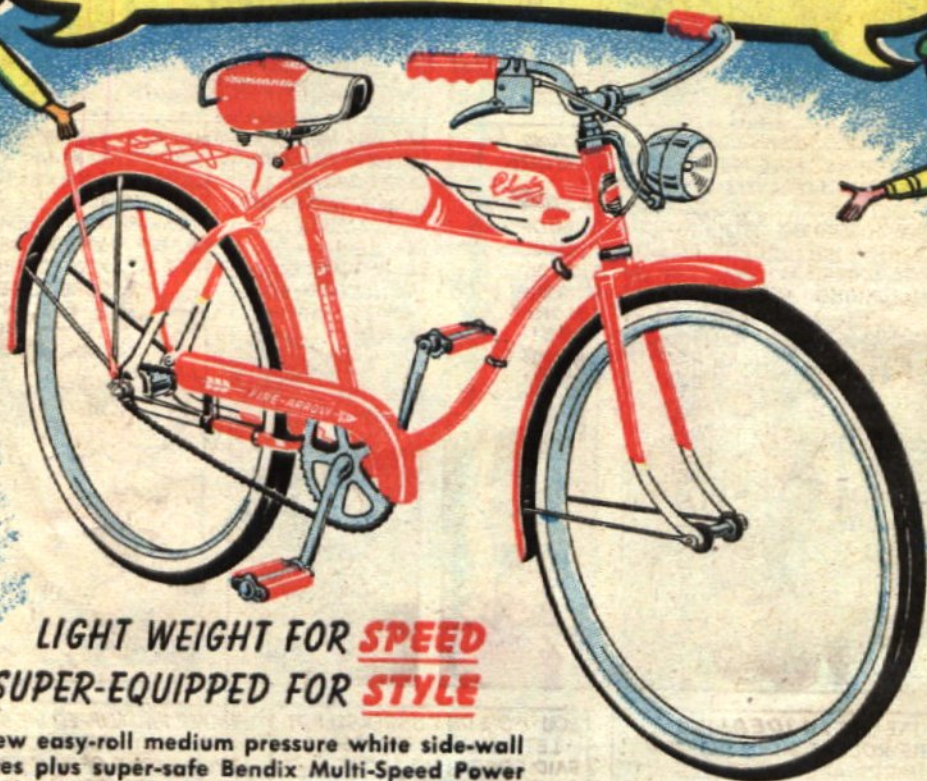
NOT QUITE! I
DIDN'T EX-
PECT TO
HAVE A WHIN-
ING 100%
LIABILITY
ABOARD!







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SUPER-EQUIPPED FOR STYLE

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EVERY MODEL "GUARANTEED AS LONG AS YOU OWN IT!"

JUST AS A DOG CAN HEAR A WHISTLE OF TOO HIGH-FREQUENCY FOR HUMAN EARS, SO THIS MIGHTY BEAST RESPONDED TO THE ROCKET HOMING DEVICE! THE RADIO BEAM ACTED LIKE A MAGNETIC RAY, PERMEATING ITS RUDIMENTARY BRAIN, CAUSING IT TO FOLLOW THE SIGNAL HELPLESSLY, BLINDLY, DESTROYING EVERYTHING IN ITS DIRECT PATH...



EXPECTING THE SAFETY OF THE ROCKET SHIP AT ANY MOMENT, IT WAS QUITE A SURPRISE WHEN...



UNAWARE OF WHY THE BEAST WAS FOLLOWING THEM SO RELENTLESSLY, THEY BOLTED... BUT THE CREATURE'S GIGANTIC STEPS SOON CLOSED THE DISTANCE...



PETER MERIDALE WAS A COWARD, YES... BUT SOME DEEP-ROOTED INSTINCT MADE HIM TURN TO FACE THE HUGE MENACE, HOPING TO COVER MALINKA'S RETREAT!



CRASHING AGAINST A TREE, THE HOMING DEVICE WAS VIOLENTLY JARRED! THE NEEDLE JUMPED TO THE OPPOSITE END, AND THE BEAST STOPPED COLD IN ITS TRACKS...



IRRESISTIBLY, THE LOW-FREQUENCY RADIO SIGNAL HAD THE EFFECT OF REPULSION... AND THE CREATURE WAS AGAIN HELPLESS IN ITS ELECTRONIC GRASP...



THE DANGER PAST, MALINKA RUSHED TO COMFORT HER GROGGY HERO...



YOU FACED THAT BEAST ALONE...
FOR ME! MAYBE YOU'RE NOT
TRULY BRAVE... BUT I CAN'T
HELP... LIKING
YOU!

SO YOU
ESCAPED FROM
ME... FOR A
WEAKLING
LIKE THIS?



KRUSI!

SO YOU LOOK WITH
FAVOR UPON HIM,
EH? THAT SPELLS
DOOM!



NO! SPARE HIM! I... I'LL
COME BACK WILLINGLY...
I'LL BE YOUR BRIDE... BUT
DON'T HURT HIM!

STAND BACK,
WOMAN!



THE MOMENTARY RESPITE WAS ENOUGH FOR PETER!
LIKE A TERRIFIED RABBIT, HE SCUTTLED TOWARD THE
BUSH...

SO THAT'S
YOUR HERO! HE
RAN AND DESERT-
ED YOU! HA-HA!



NIGHT FOUND PETER CLINGING TO THE BRANCHES
OF A HIGH TREE...

THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE
I COULD DO! BUT SHE SAVED
ME FROM HIM... THE FIRST PERSON
WHO'S EVER DONE ANYTHING
FOR ME! I'VE GOT TO FIGHT MY FEARS
AND RESCUE HER... NO MATTER
WHAT HAPPENS TO
ME!



NEXT DAY, IN KING KRUSI'S WALLED CITY, ALL WAS
BUSY ACTIVITY... FOR AT NOON A GREAT WEDDING
WAS TO TAKE PLACE!

THE SOLDIERS WILL BE
COMING SOON TO TAKE
ME TO THE ALTAR! IF
ONLY... WHAT'S THAT
NOISE?

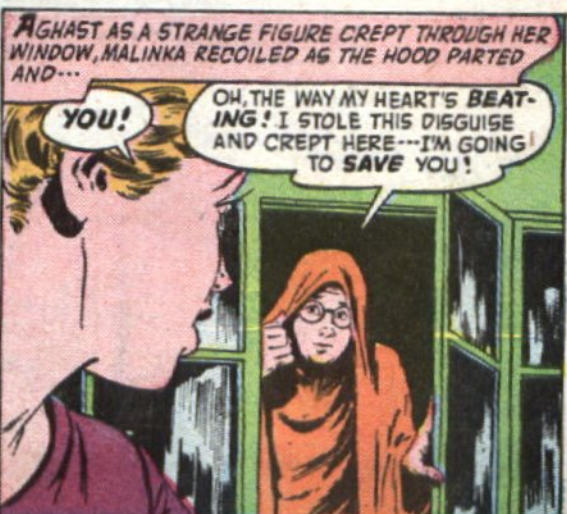
TAP
TAP!



AGHAST AS A STRANGE FIGURE CREPT THROUGH HER
WINDOW, MALINKA RECOILED AS THE HOOD PARTED
AND...

YOU!

OH, THE WAY MY HEART'S BEAT-
ING! I STOLE THIS DISGUISE
AND CREPT HERE... I'M GOING
TO SAVE YOU!







STEPPING BEHIND A CURTAIN, PETER CHANGED COSTUMES IN A TRICE! THEN...

WELL? HOW DO I LOOK?

RIDICULOUS! TAKE OFF THOSE GLASSES! WAIT, MEN OF ALLARA ALL HAVE BEARDS AND MUSTACHES... YOU'LL NEED THESE!



WITH FLYING FINGERS SHE ADJUSTED WIG, BEARD, AND MUSTACHES, AND WHEN SHE REGARDED HER HANDI-WORK...

NO, NO... NO! IT CAN'T BE!

WH-WHAT'S WRONG, MALINKA? WHY ARE YOU STARING SO?



Y-YOU...AND KRUSI...YOU'RE IDENTICAL!

WHAT? GOOD HEAVENS, IT... IT'S THAT

COUNTER-PART BUSINESS AGAIN! BUT WAIT...IF I'M REALLY HIS COUNTER-PART, HIS COURAGE MUST LURK SOMEWHERE WITHIN ME! MALINKA...I'M GOING TO GIVE IT A TRY!



PULLING THE BEWILDERED MALINKA AFTER HIM, PETER STRODE REGALLY INTO THE OUTER HALL...

K-KRUSI! WE DID NOT KNOW SHE WAS WITH YOU, OH KING!

STAND ASIDE, FOOLS!



IT LOOKED LIKE CLEAR SAILING, BUT AT THAT MOMENT...THE REAL KRUSI APPEARED!

D-DO MY SENSES DECEIVE ME...OR AM I GOING MAD?

WHERE IS MY BRIDE?



WHAT THE...! WHO ARE YOU, IMPOSTOR?

JUST A COWARD... WHO'S REFORMING!



WITH A SINGLE MIGHTY BLOW...

NOW WE KNOW WHO IS THE IMPOSTOR! ONLY THE REAL KRUSI COULD DELIVER SUCH A STROKE!



BUT THEN...

LOOK! THE SUN IS REACHING ITS ZENITH! THE ARCHERS...THEY'LL BE RAISING THEIR BOWS ANY MINUTE!

I...I COULDN'T REACH THE ARENA IN TIME TO STOP THEM! BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE...IF I CAN GET HOLD OF THE ROCKET CONTROL DEVICE!

YES, YES, BUT THIS CONFUSION
HAS DULLED MY WITS! NOW, IF
MY CALCULATIONS ARE RIGHT...
THE ARENA LIES DIRECTLY IN
THE PATH OF A CERTAIN
FRIEND OF MINE!

EEEEEEEEEEEE

AIM!

LOOK!

PETER'S CALCULATIONS PROVED CORRECT! THE ARENA DID LIE IN THE BEAST'S PATH...

**FLEE!
FLEE!**

GENTLEMEN,
FOR THE
MOMENT...
WE'RE
SAVED!

THAT *THING*...IT'S COMING! THE
ARENA IS *WRECKED*... DO SOME-
THING!

YOU KNOW, I FIND CONTROLLING THINGS **FUN** FOR A CHANGE! NOW TO PUT A LITTLE **REVERSE ENGLISH** ON THIS!

AGAIN, THE LOW FREQUENCIES DID THEIR WORK...AND THE BEAST RETREATED...

DARLING, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
BUT WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

WELL, FROM WHAT I'VE SEEN
OF THIS SETUP, THERE'S NO-
THING WRONG WITH THE FOLKS
ON THIS PLANET! IT'S THE
LEADERSHIP THAT'S BAD!
COME ON!

RACING TO THE STILL-UNCONSCIOUS KRUSI...

W-WHY ARE
YOU CUTTING
HIS HAIR?

I'VE GOT A PLAN!
LISTEN, MALINKA,
I DON'T WANT
TO GO BACK TO
EARTH...THERE'S...
ER...SOMETHING
DOWN THERE WORSE
THAN THAT BEAST!
QUICK, GET ME
THE CLOTHES I
ARRIVED IN!

WHEN THE TASK WAS DONE THE RELEASED SCIENTISTS WERE SUMMONED...

IN MY GREAT MERCY, I HAVE SPARED YOU ALL... ON CONDITION YOU LEAVE THIS PLANET IMMEDIATELY! AND TAKE YOUR FRIEND WITH YOU! I'VE HAD HIM BOUND BECAUSE HE'S... UH...

POOR DEVIL! ALL THIS EXCITEMENT HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR HIM!

SLIGHTLY OUT OF HIS HEAD!

AND SO... THANK YOU, KING KRUGI! FRANKLY, I NEVER EXPECTED TO LEAVE THIS PLANET!

I DON'T THINK YOUR FRIEND DID, EITHER!

OH, PETER... YOU'RE BRILLIANT!

JUST AS SOON AS I GROW A REAL BEARD, THE DANGER IS PAST! ER... HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING MY QUEEN?

NOT LONG AFTER, THERE WAS A GREAT STATE WEDDING ON ALLARA...

HAIL OUR KING AND QUEEN!

THANK YOU, MY SUBJECTS!

ON ALLARA, EVERYBODY WAS HAPPY! THE PEOPLE HAD NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD...

EVERYBODY LOVES YOU NOW, SWEETHEART... ESPECIALLY ME! BUT MUST YOU WEAR THOSE SILLY OLD GLASSES?

I'M BLIND AS A BAT WITHOUT THEM! BESIDES, I NEED THEM TO DRINK IN ALL YOUR BEAUTY!

MEANWHILE, AS THE MIGHTY ROCKET SHIP HURTTLED THROUGH THE VAST REACHES OF SPACE...

IDIOTS! I TELL YOU I AM THE REAL KRUGI! RELEASE ME!

PROFESSOR, WILL YOU PLEASE PUT THAT GAG BACK ON? HE'S DRIVING ME NUTS!

AND WHEN EARTH WAS REACHED AT LAST...

I'LL TEACH YOU TO LEAVE ME WAITING AT THE ALTAR! JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!

OH, IF ONLY I WERE BACK ON ALLARA!

ALL OF WHICH ONLY GOES TO PROVE THAT THERE ARE STRANGER THINGS ON EARTH AND BEYOND IT, THAN YOU EVER DREAMED OF!

Power of PERSONALITY

Professor Otto Porter was an egotist—yet he had ample reason for it. He was a true great in the world of science, and one of the outstanding nuclear physicists of his era. He had one hobby—hypnosis. He was as great in that field as in physics itself. There was nobody whom he couldn't get under his hypnotic power, and there didn't seem to be any limit to what he could make a subject do, once control was established. His scientific rival, Dr. Edwin Masters, scoffed at this avocation, declaring it a mere show. He declared that everyone knew there were limits to what hypnosis could accomplish. First, you couldn't dominate any but cooperative subjects—and then, you couldn't make them do anything they wouldn't normally do. Since the two men hated each other, it developed into quite an argument. Finally, Professor Porter suggested the solution. He would allow Dr. Masters to select any subject he wanted—and to dictate what form the hypnosis should take. If he were successful, Dr. Masters would resign from the Academy of Science—but if he failed, he'd be the one who must resign.

Old Dr. Follansbee was against the whole proceeding. It was his contention that too little was known of the nature of hypnosis. "It's as Mesmer said a century ago," he contended. "There's a subtle interchange involved in the procedure, and the more successful it is, the more chance there is of meddling with unknown forces!" But nobody ever listened to old Follansbee. The experiment continued. And Dr. Masters knew just what he was doing when he chose the subject. It was Tom, the janitor's assistant at the Academy of Science. To put it kindly, Tom was simple. He'd never been able to absorb any learning past that of the third grade. He had a continual twitch in his left eye, and whenever you questioned him about anything, his sole, maddening answer was, "Gosh, now, I ain't sure I even know what you're talkin' about!" Yes, this was the subject—and the project which was set for Professor Porter was that he hypnotize him into a learned man of science!

It seemed like an impossible undertaking, but Professor Porter accepted it with equanimity. It could be done, he vowed,

by sheer power of personality. It would take a month of intensive work. He started at once. There was poor Tom, seated gingerly in a chair, his eye twitching nervously. "Relax, Tom," said Porter. "All you've got to do is keep your eyes fixed on mine—and concentrate on every word I say! Do I make myself clear?"

"Gosh, now, I ain't sure I even know what you're talkin' about!" said Tom dully. But Porter wasn't discouraged. Day and night the sessions continued, with his eyes fixed magnetically upon Tom's and the power of his personality focused on his subject. And finally, his work was done.

Dr. Masters was in his office, working on a nuclear fission project when somebody entered. At first, he didn't recognize the man, who said, "I've been giving some thought to the problems which your reports indicate you've been encountering in establishing the gamma coefficient in subsidiary radiation! I've worked out the solution in some detail, as you'll see from these figures! Your error lay in failing to take into account the fact that plutonium distribution mounts in geometric progression!" Something in the man's tone of voice suddenly struck Masters, and he looked at him closely. He was sure he knew him from somewhere, but wasn't there something missing—a twitch in the left eye? Then his mouth opened in stupefied amazement as he realized his visitor's identity!

It was a crestfallen Dr. Masters who entered the office of Professor Otto Porter. "I—I guess you win," he said. "I'll send in my resignation from the Academy in the morning! Tell me, how'd you ever do it?"

Professor Porter didn't answer. Instead, he just looked back stupidly at his visitor. Funny, Masters thought—he'd never noticed that strange twitch in Porter's left eye. "How did you ever hypnotize him into the knowledge that my theory on plutonium distribution was erroneous?" he said, but he received no answer. "I said, how did you hit on my arithmetic progression fallacy?"

"Gosh, now, I ain't sure I even know what you're talkin' about!" said Professor Otto Porter dully.

DID IT EXIST?

ONE OF THE MOST FASCINATING LEGENDS TO COME DOWN TO US FROM THE DIM, MYSTERIOUS PAST IS THAT OF THE LOST ISLAND OF ATLANTIS, WHOSE HISTORY WAS FIRST SET DOWN IN WRITING BY PLATO, IN THE THIRD CENTURY B.C. ...

The lost island of Atlantis was a land larger than Asia Minor and Libya, lying just beyond the Pillars of Hercules...

AS THE LEGENDS HAD IT, ATLANTIS WAS A STRANGE KINGDOM WHICH WAS ALREADY GREAT AND OLD 10,000 YEARS AGO!



ITS PEOPLE WERE MANY AND STRONG, AND THEIR ARMIES OVERRAN THE ENTIRE MEDITERRANEAN BASIN... WITH ONLY ATHENS RESISTING THEIR ONSLAUGHT!



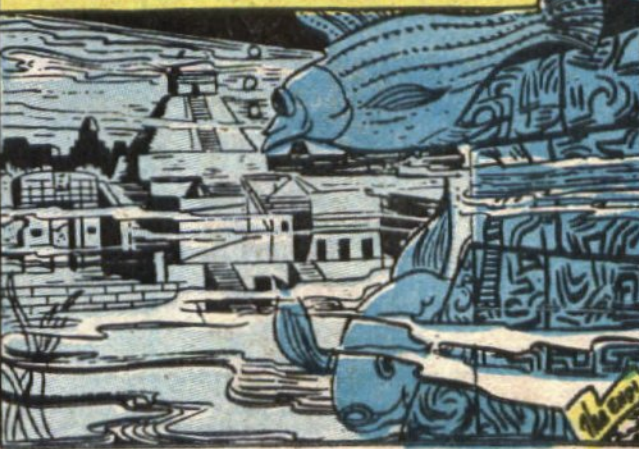
BUT THE ISLAND'S DAYS OF GLORY ENDED... WHEN THE SEA OVERWHELMED ATLANTIS!



FINALLY THE LAND SANK BENEATH THE OCEAN... AND NOTHING REMAINED TO TELL IT HAD EVER BEEN... NOTHING BUT AN ANCIENT LEGEND!



BUT THE LEGEND OF ATLANTIS IS DEEPLY EMBEDDED IN THE FOLKTALES OF TOO MANY DIFFERENT PEOPLES FOR IT TO BE A MERE FICTITIOUS MYTH... SO SOME DAY, SOME ONE MAY YET DISCOVER THE LOST ISLAND OF ATLANTIS ON THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA FLOOR! WILL THAT SOMEONE BE YOU, READER?



KIDS! TEAM UP WITH YOUR PARENTS

**4052
TERRIFIC
PRIZES**



Pinky Lee says:

Get in on this easy

Popsicle

T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FAMOUS

RANCH BRANDS CONTEST



**52 GRAND
PRIZES**
FOR WINNING TEAMS*
OF CHILD and PARENT
*(104 trips in all)

52 winning teams will fly via

AMERICAN AIRLINES FLAGSHIPS

for thrilling, all-expense

DUDE RANCH VACATIONS

IN Tucson

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Trips scheduled
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SUNSHINE CLIMATE CLUB

Thrills! Action! Adventure! Spend
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**2nd
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PHILCO
PORTABLE
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3-SPEED
VALUE \$29.95



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**3rd PRIZES
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EFFANBEE
Dy-Dee
DOLL
AND WARDROBE
VALUE \$15.95



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**3rd PRIZES
for BOYS**

DIMAGGIO MODEL
BASEBALL
GLOVE
AND BALL
Value \$14.95



700

**4th
PRIZES**



**SPARTUS
FLASH CAMERA
OUTFITS**
VALUE
\$14.95

1000

**5th
PRIZES**



**Famous MATTEL
Musical
TOY
TRUCKS**

All entries become the property of the Joe Lowe Corporation. All winners will be notified by mail. Failure to accept prizes as offered will result in forfeiture of prizes and no substitution will be permitted. Anyone may enter this contest except employees of the Joe Lowe Corporation, their advertising agency, or the families of such employees. This contest is limited to the U. S. and Possessions and Canada and is void and not extended in any State or locality where participation in and conducting thereof are prohibited, taxed, licensed or restricted. Joe Lowe Corporation reserves the right to substitute or change prizes or locale of vacations if unforeseen conditions arise. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish to have a list of winners sent to you.

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IN THE \$100,000 "POPSICLE" CONTEST!

10 BIG WEEKLY CONTESTS

Here's all you do...

1. Cut out official entry blank (right) along dotted lines.
 2. Carefully cut out the big "Sicle" ball from any three "POPSICLE," "FUDGSICLE," "CREAMSICLE," "DREAMSICLE," or "50-50 POPSICLE" bags.
 3. Paste the three "Sicle" balls in spaces marked on the entry blank.
 4. Match the ranch brands against the names of the ranches shown on the entry blank by writing the number of the ranch name in the corner of the box where you think it belongs. For example—we have put a 3 in the first box because Circle Z (#3 on the list) fits that brand.
 5. In the empty space shown on the entry blank, draw the brand you would use if you owned a ranch.
 6. Print the name of your imaginary ranch on the dotted line indicated on the blank. (Mom and Dad can help!)
 7. Write your name, age and address in the spaces indicated on the blank. Your entry will be judged against other entries in your age group.
 8. Paste the completed entry on a 2-cent post-card and mail to "POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, New York 46, N. Y. Send in as many entries as you like. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, August 6th.
 9. Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of correctness and neatness. In case of ties, originality of your "imaginary ranch brand" will be deciding factor. Decision of judges will be final.
- Remember! You have until midnight Saturday June 4th to enter the first big weekly "POPSICLE" contest. Thereafter weekly contests begin Sunday morning and end the following Saturday at midnight. All entries will be judged in the weekly contests by postmark date on envelope. The 10th and last "POPSICLE" contest closes with mail postmarked by midnight Aug. 6, 1955.

ENTER YOUR FIRST CONTEST NOW!

Last Contest Closes SAT., AUG. 6, 1955

Get additional entry blanks from your "POPSICLE" dealer!

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

Ⓩ	3	SV	SS
W	R	-O	
≡	-BB	W	h

- | | | |
|------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Westward Look | 4. Thunderhead | 7. Wild Horse |
| 2. Bar B R | 5. Barra Nada | 8. Sahuaro Visto |
| 3. Circle Z | 6. Saddle and Surrey | 9. Diamond W |

Now, after you've matched the brands with the correct ranches, draw your own brand design in the box on the right. Name your imaginary ranch on the dotted line below.

My Imaginary Ranch Name _____

My Name _____ Age _____

Parent's Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Brand of Ice Cream My Dealer Sells _____

PASTE 3 "SICLE" BALLS HERE!

When your entry is complete, mail it to:
"POPSICLE," P.O. Box 123, N. Y. 46, N. Y.

LOOK FOR THE BIG "SICLE" BALL!

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Pop sicle

A BOUT SICLE FROZEN PRODUCT

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Fudgsicle

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WAR of the SEAGULLS



YOU'D NEVER THINK THAT THIS ODD SCENE IS OUR INTRODUCTION TO THE STRANGEST STORY OF THE GENERATION... AND THE STRANGEST WAR EVER FOUGHT! THE SCENE OF BATTLE WAS A WILD AND RUGGED SEACOAST, AND THE ONLY SOUND HEARD WAS THE SCREAM OF INNUMERABLE SEAGULLS... AND THE CRASHING OF MIGHTY WAVES!

FOR ITS BEGINNING, IT'S NECESSARY TO GO BACK IN TIME OVER 60 YEARS... TO A LITTLE BOY'S CHILDHOOD! HIS NAME WAS **HOSMER PETTY**, ONLY SON OF A WELL-TO-DO FAMILY WHICH LIVED IN A HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE SEA...

LOOKS LIKE A GOOD DAY FOR FISHING, MA!

DON'T GO TOO FAR OUT, HOSMER!



GOLLY, WHAT A CATCH! BUT... I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THOSE SEAGULLS ARE HANGING AROUND!



IT WAS THE FISH THE HUNGRY GULLS SOUGHT—

SKREEE!

NO! NO! KEEP AWAY!



SUDDENLY...THE OVERBALANCED BOAT WENT OVER!



FOREVER AFTER THAT, ALL THE HARD LUCK AND MISFORTUNE OF HIS LIFE SEEMED SOMEHOW CONNECTED WITH 'SEAGULLS! A FEW YEARS LATER HIS FATHER DIED, HIS FORTUNE LOST! THEY WERE FORCED TO MOVE AWAY, LEAVING EVEN THE FURNITURE BEHIND TO SATISFY CREDITORS...



IT WAS HIS LAST LOOK AT THE SCENES OF COMFORT HE HAD GROWN UP IN, AND IN THAT MOMENT, THE EVER-PRESENT SEAGULLS SEEMED TO MOCK HIM...



FROM THEN ON POVERTY WAS HOSMER PETTY'S LOT, AND HE GREW UP WITH AN EXAGGERATED CONCEPT OF THE VALUE OF MONEY...



WHEN HIS MOTHER PASSED AWAY, HE BECAME UNBEARABLY LONELY, UNTIL...



FOR A TIME, FORTUNE SEEMED TO SMILE ON HIM! HE GREW TO LOVE MARY, BUT NEVER DARED TO HOPE SHE MIGHT BE HIS...

I KNOW YOU COULDN'T EVER THINK SERIOUSLY ABOUT A MAN LIKE ME, BUT I'D TRY TO GIVE YOU EVERYTHING, MARY... I SWEAR IT!

YOU'RE A FINE MAN, HOSMER... I'D BE PROUD TO BE YOUR WIFE!

YEARS OF HAPPINESS FOLLOWED, IN WHICH HOSMER BEGAN TO MAKE HIS MARK IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS... BUT THEY WERE CUT TRAGICALLY SHORT...

WE MANAGED TO SAVE THE BABY, MR. PETTY... BUT YOUR WIFE... I'M SORRY...

OH, NO... NO!

THE ONE THING HE HAD LOVED MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN LIFE... GONE! AS HE LEFT THE OCEANFRONT HOSPITAL, STUNNED WITH GRIEF, HE HARDLY NOTICED THE SCREAMING, DISCORDANT NOTE OF THE SEAGULLS ABOVE...

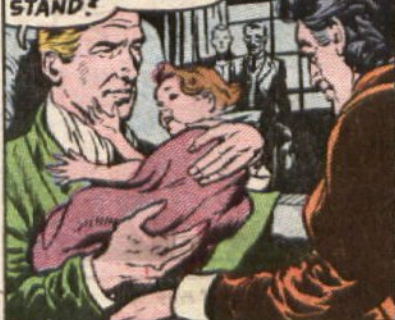
BUT THERE WAS ONE SOLACE LEFT... HIS INFANT DAUGHTER! HE CALLED HER MARY, VOWED TO BE BOTH MOTHER AND FATHER TO HER, AND MANIFESTED A LOVE THAT WAS COMPLETELY POSSESSIVE...

HIS LIFE REVOLVED AROUND HIS DAUGHTER... COMPLETELY! AND WHEN SHE GREW UP, AND FELL IN LOVE...



LITTLE MARY WILL HAVE EVERYTHING! SHE'LL GET EVERY ATTENTION... UNDERSTAND?

YES, SIR!



I... I CAN'T LET HER MARRY HIM! HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR HER!



HIS HEART CONSUMED WITH FEAR OF WHAT MIGHT BE, HE LOST NO TIME IN ASSERTING HIS AUTHORITY...

THE TRIP WAS ARRANGED IN HASTE, AND AS THE SHIP PULLED OUT OF THE HARBOR...

BUT FATHER... BE REASONABLE...

IT'S OUT OF THE QUESTION... JUST PUPPY LOVE! I'LL TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF EUROPE AND YOU'LL FORGET ALL ABOUT HIM!



CONFOUND IT, WE GOT SEPARATED SOMEHOW ON THE PIER! SHE'S NOT IN HER CABIN... WHERE IS SHE?

MR. PETTY'S MESSAGE FOR YOU, SIR!



IT WAS FROM MARY, TELLING HIM THAT SHE WAS ELOPING! AND THE SEAGULLS WHEELED OVERHEAD, SKREEING THEIR MOCKING NOTE---

IT---IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING ---AND ARE LAUGHING, LAUGHING!



LOVE HAD FLED FROM HIS LIFE, AND ONLY ONE VALUE WAS LEFT---MONEY! AS THE YEARS PASSED, HE ACCUMULATED A GREAT HORDE---WHILE GNAWING FEARS BEGAN TO HAUNT HIM---

I'VE GOT TO GET MY FORTUNE TO A PLACE OF SAFETY--- BUT WHERE?



FEAR ATE AT HIM LIKE A CANKER, AND FINALLY HE DECIDED TO ACT! AN OLD MAN, ILL HEALTH HAD FORCED HIS RETIREMENT, AND WITH MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD PROMPTING HIM---

THERE'S NOT ANOTHER HOUSE WITHIN MILES ---AND THAT SHEER CLIFF IS 600 FEET HIGH!

IT'S PERFECT ---I'LL TAKE IT!



HOSMER TOOK UP RESIDENCE, HIS MONEY IN GOLD AND BANKNOTES IN A SERIES OF STRONG SAFES! BUT STILL HE WORRIED, FOR IN THIS LONELY PLACE, MIGHT HE NOT BE ROBBED? ONE DAY---

THAT'S FUNNY---NEVER NOTICED THAT OPENING UP THERE IN THE CLIFF UNDER MY HOUSE! BETTER HAVE A CLOSER LOOK!



GOOD HEAVENS, IT'S A LARGE CAVE---500 FEET UP THE SHEER CLIFF! AN INACCESSIBLE SPOT ---JUST WHAT I NEED!



IMMEDIATELY HE IMPORTED WORKERS FROM A DISTANT CITY, SAYING THAT HE WANTED TO BUILD AN ATOMIC BOMB SHELTER---

YOU WANT US TO TUNNEL UNDER THE HOUSE INTO THAT CAVE ON THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF, RIGHT?

EXACTLY!



WHEN THE JOB WAS DONE AND THE WORKERS GONE, HOSMER HIMSELF BUILT A SECRET DOOR FROM HIS CELLAR INTO THE TUNNEL---

NOBODY'D EVER FIND THIS DOOR--- UNLESS THEY KNEW IT WAS HERE!



AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE, HE HAD CONSTRUCTED A HUGE ARMOR-PLATED DOOR, IMPOSSIBLE TO FORCE---

NOW I'VE GOT AN IMPREGNABLE SECRET VAULT! MY MONEY WILL BE SAFE!



AND SO, INTO THE CAVE WENT ALL HOSMER'S IMMENSE WEALTH!

THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE!
INACCESSIBLE FROM THE SEA AND
ALSO FROM THE HOUSE...UNLESS YOU
KNOW ABOUT THE SECRET DOOR
AND HAVE THE KEY!
I'VE DONE IT!



THE YEARS PASSED AND ONE DAY HOSMER LEARNED THAT HIS DAUGHTER AND HER HUSBAND HAD BEEN KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE CRASH, LEAVING A 14-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER BEHIND...

I'M FROM THE STATE
BUREAU, SIR! YOUR GRAND-
CHILD HAS NO OTHER LIV-
ING RELATIVE AND...

...AND YOU WANT
ME TO SUPPORT
HER! ALL RIGHT...
I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE
TO DO IT!



THE CHILD, MILDRED, WAS THE IMAGE OF THE DAUGHTER HE FELT HAD WRONGED HIM SO! SHE, HE DETERMINED, WOULD HAVE A STRICT BRINGING UP...AND FOLLOW HIS WILL...

DON'T WASTE A PAR-
TICLE OF FOOD...
AND GET TO YOUR
LESSONS AT
ONCE!

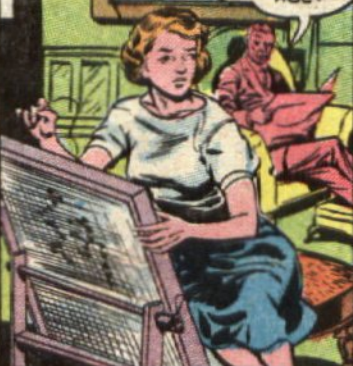
YES,
GRAND-
FATHER...



SHE GREW UP AMID LONELINESS...
NEVER KNOWING CAREFREE HOURS
OR THE SOCIETY OF THOSE HER
AGE...

I WAS HOPING,
GRANDFATHER...
ABOUT COLLEGE...

HAVE YOU NO
GRATITUDE?
THE LEAST YOU
CAN DO IS BEA
COMFORT TO ME
IN MY OLD
AGE!



BUT AS TIME PASSED, THE INEVIT-
ABLE HAPPENED...EVEN AS IT HAD
HAPPENED BEFORE! MILDRED FELL
IN LOVE...WITH A YOUNG FISHERMAN
OF THE VICINITY...AND PROUDLY
BROUGHT HIM TO HER HOME...

HERE HE IS,
GRANDFATHER
...WILLIAM!
I HAVEN'T EX-
AGGERATED,
HAVE I? ISN'T
HE WONDER-
FUL?

HOW DO
YOU DO,
SIR?



LIKE ANY GIRL IN LOVE, MILDRED COULDN'T HELP BOASTING ABOUT HER YOUNG MAN'S MARVELOUS ABILITIES...

WHY, WILLIAM EVEN HAS
A WAY OF CALLING
SEAGULLS TO HIM!
SHOW GRANDFATHER,
BILL!

SURE, HONEY!...
SCRAWW!



IN AN INSTANT, THE GULLS HAD ANSWERED THE YOUNG MAN'S CALL...AND AS THEIR LITHE FORMS WHEELED ABOUT...

GET THESE NASTY
THINGS AWAY!

BUT...BUT
WHAT...



WHEN THE YOUNG PEOPLE RECOVERED FROM THE SURPRISE OF THE OLD MAN'S DISPLAY...

I---I'M SORRY IT DISPLEASED YOU! OH, GRANDFATHER, I SO WANT YOU TO LIKE WILLIAM! I LOVE HIM---I WANT TO MARRY HIM!

YOUNG MAN, IF I EVER SEE YOU ON MY PROPERTY AGAIN, YOU'LL BE SORRY! GET OUT!



AFTER YEARS OF BLIND OBEDIENCE, THE GIRL COULDN'T WITHSTAND THE POWER OF HER GRANDFATHER'S WILL...

I FORBID YOU EVER TO SEE HIM AGAIN, UNDERSTAND?

BUT YOU--- YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN HIM A CHANCE---



HE FELT HE HAD HANDLED THE SITUATION BEAUTIFULLY---EVEN THAT HE'D WON A VICTORY OVER THE ENEMY SEAGULLS!

YOU AND THAT YOUNG FOOL WHO CAN CALL YOU TO HIM--- I'VE DEFEATED YOU BOTH!



ONLY ONE THING WAS NECESSARY TO MAKE HIS HAPPINESS COMPLETE--- THE FEEL OF HIS MONEY! HIS MISERLY HEART BEATING FAST, HE ENTERED THE TUNNEL, AND OPENED THE HUGE VAULT DOOR---ONLY TO SEE---

AAGH! THEY'VE INVADDED MY CAVE!



IN A PAROXYSM OF RAGE HE BOLTED AT THEM, FORGETTING THE DOOR AND THE BIG KEY IN THE OUTSIDE LOCK---UNTIL IT SLAMMED SHUT BEHIND HIM!

GET OUT, DO YOU HEAR ME? GET OUT, OR---



THE AWFUL SOUND BROUGHT HIM UP SHORT! FRANTICALLY HE TRIED TO OPEN THE DOOR---USELESS! IN VAIN HE BEAT HIS FISTS RAW AGAINST THE ARMOR PLATE---IN VAIN HIS SHOUTS FOR HELP---

SHE CAN'T HEAR ME---NOBODY CAN! THE HOUSE IS 100 FEET ABOVE ME! MY VOICE IS MUFFLED BY THE DOOR, HUSHED BY THE LONG TUNNEL---AND NOBODY KNOWS ABOUT THIS PLACE! WHAT'LL I DO?



UNTIL HIS VOICE GAVE OUT HE SHRIEKED AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE, TOWARDS THE SEA---BUT WHAT WAS ONE MAN'S FEEBLE VOICE AGAINST THE CRASHING OF THE OCEAN?

THERE'S GOT TO BE A WAY OUT OF THIS--- THERE MUST!

CR-RASH! ROAD!



BUT THERE WASN'T---NOT A SINGLE WAY HE COULD SEE TO SAVE HIMSELF---

IT'S AS IF---I'M BEING PUNISHED FOR MY SIN! WHAT'S TO---BECOME OF ME NOW?



THREE DAYS PASSED! THE FRANTIC MILDRED HAD LONG SINCE INFORMED THE POLICE OF HER GRANDFATHER'S DISAPPEARANCE—

WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, MISS... HE'S VANISHED!

HOW CAN THAT BE... HOW?

MEANWHILE, FAR BELOW—THE WEAKENED AND HELPLESS PRISONER SUDDENLY KNEW A RAY OF HOPE!

MATCHES... THEY MUST HAVE BEEN LEFT HERE BY A WORKMAN WHEN THE TUNNEL AND DOOR WERE CONSTRUCTED! MAYBE... MAYBE I CAN LIGHT A SIGNAL FIRE! BUT WHAT CAN I BURN... UNLESS...

YES, THERE WAS SOMETHING THAT WOULD BURN... HIS MISER'S FORTUNE! BUT NOW HE HAD LEARNED THE VALUE OF LIFE! THE HIDDEN WEALTH BECAME A BEACON OF HOPE...

SOMEONE'S GOT TO SEE IT! THEY'VE GOT TO!

BUT IT WAS A DESERTED SPOT THAT EVEN SHIPS KEPT CLEAR OF! HE SAW THE FLAMES DEVOUR THE LAST OF HIS PRECIOUS FUEL... AND NOBODY CAME...

THERE'S NO HOPE FOR ME, BUT I... I DESERVE IT! I MADE MY LIFE A THING OF BITTERNESS... BEGRUDGED MY OWN DAUGHTER AND GRAND-DAUGHTER THE HAPPINESS WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN THEIRS! I RAILED AT THE SEAGULLS FOR MY BAD FORTUNE... BUT THE FAULT WAS ALWAYS MINE!

THEN IT HAPPENED... CALL IT CHANCE, PROVIDENCE, WHATEVER YOU LIKE...

ONE LAST SHEAF OF BILLS... ALMOST AS IF IT'S GIVING IT TO ME! AND I'VE GOT ONE MATCH LEFT...

DOWN BELOW, MILDRED AND WILLIAM WALKED THE SOLITARY BEACH AS DUSK FELL! AND THE GIRL'S KEEN EYES SPIED...

LOOK... UP THERE! THAT PINPOINT OF FLICKERING LIGHT... IN THE FACE OF THE CLIFF BELOW THE HOUSE! WHAT...

IT MUST BE A CAVE... AND SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO SIGNAL FROM IT! IT MUST BE YOUR GRANDFATHER, MILDRED... IT CAN'T BE ANYBODY ELSE!

HOSMER PETTY'S WEALTH WAS GONE... BUT HE HAD HIS LIFE! IT WAS A BETTER LIFE THENCEFORTH, WITH LOVE... AND HAPPINESS... SO WHO COULD SAY THAT, IN A WAY, HE WASN'T RICHER THAN EVER?

DEARLY BELOVED, WE ARE MET TODAY...

THE END!

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Address
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EDITOR



Nice talking to you again, all of you fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown!*" We've been together for years now, and we get to look forward to these gab-sessions. They help make us know you better—which can only result in making your favorite magazine even better!

What's our subject for this meeting? Once again, another phase of conducting such a magazine as ours under the new Comics Code Authority. This is of vital importance to you, the readers—because, for the first time in comics publishing history, centralized supervision has been placed over the type of material published in any approved comics magazine. This new system is a matter of self regulation within the realm of comics—rendered necessary by the abuses of a small minority of irresponsible publishers. That's why the legitimate publishers of this field banded together in an effort to assure to readers a thoroughly excellent product. But—there are going to be changes under the Code, and some of those changes you've already seen. You're not going to be reading stories about zombies, vampires and werewolves. You're not going to be subjected to a diet of outright and dangerous horror—or crime and bloodshed. *Good*, we say—yet more than ever, we recognize our responsibility to bring you the best in fine story material—stories which will challenge and entertain. All right—what sort of stories do you *want*? It's up to you, and we want to hear from you! Meanwhile, we're attempting to feature the sort of fare which we think you'll enjoy. For instance, stories like "*Coward in*

Outer Space!" Not just science fiction, but out-of-the-world stories of forbidden realms into which no man has ventured. And you'll note that we're trying to make our heroes *human beings*—people that you can know and like! And there's still room for a "different" story—such as "*War of The Seagulls!*" Like *that* type? And then there's "*The Time Destroyer*"—with a fascinating new wrinkle on old Father Time!

Please write and tell us what you think of this issue. If there's any other type of story you'd like—and that we can carry—why, tell us! Address your letter to The Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown,*" 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Meanwhile, here's what a few of our readers are saying!

"Dear Editor:—

Your stories in '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' are superb. They're just the kind all my friends and myself like. In short, wonderful—and keep up the great work!

—Betsy Pinney, Bitburg, Germany."

"Dear Editor:—

I'm *wild* about '*Adventures Into The Unknown*.' In my opinion, it's by far the best there is of its type. Tell me, do you supply back issues? If so, I'll send you the numbers at once. Try to make me happy on my birthday, please!

—Ronnie Crabtree, Iola, Kansas."

"Dear Editor:—

I think '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is the best comic on the market. Do you have a club that boys and girls can join? As long as your future books are as good as the previous ones, I'll keep buying them!

—Dawn Benda, Chicago, Ill."

Back THROUGH TIME!

HE IS A
WIZARD
--GET
HIM!

HURRY!
YOU MUST GET
BACK TO 1955..
BEFORE YOU
ALTER THE
COURSE OF
HISTORY!



"OF all creation's mystic forces, the most mysterious is **TIME**! A ticking clock--a paper calendar-- they tell us only that time is **PASSING**! But to find out what time is, we must get into it-- take it apart-- **DESTROY** it! Then we shall know what wonders-- what undreamed-of miracles-- it hides from us!

FROM BARTON KENDALL'S
THESIS ON TIME

AT THE HOLMESVILLE LABORATORY
OF BART KENDALL, BRILLIANT
INVENTOR--

IT'S FINISHED,
LONNIE-- MY TIME
MACHINE! JUST
THINK OF ALL THE
GOOD IT CAN DO--
I CAN GO BACK
INTO THE PAST--
INTO HISTORY!

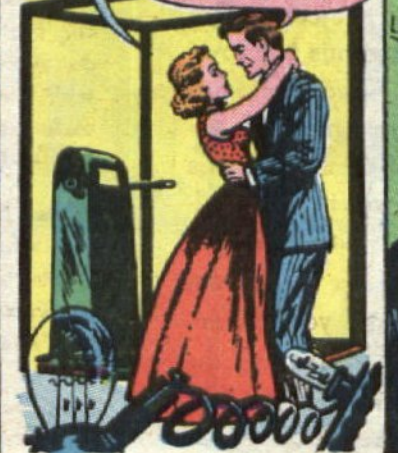
BUT, BART,
I... I WISH
YOU'D RE-
CONSIDER!
IT MAY BE
DANGEROUS!

YOU'RE
TAMPERING
WITH SECRETS
FORBIDDEN
TO MAN! IF
ANYTHING
HAPPENED
TO YOU--

DON'T WORRY,
HONEY-- **NOTHING**
CAN EVER
COME BETWEEN
US! AND RE-
MEMBER, **YOUR**
ANCESTORS WERE
ADVENTURERS!
DIDN'T ONE OF
THEM FOUND THIS
VERY CITY?

MAN IS NOW POWERFUL
ENOUGH TO **CHANGE**
THE LAWS OF THE UNI-
VERSE-- **NOTHING** CAN
STOP PROGRESS! YOU'LL
SEE, WHEN I TEST THE
MACHINE
TOMORROW!

ALL... ALL
RIGHT, BART!
BUT I'VE GOT
TO RUN ALONG
NOW-- I'LL
MEET YOU
BACK HERE
AT FOUR
O'CLOCK!



AFTER LONNIE HAD LEFT, EXCITEMENT BROUGHT BART TO A SUDDEN DECISION!

I... I CAN'T WAIT! I MUST MAKE THE FIRST TIME VOYAGE... **NOW!** BUT MAYBE I'D BETTER GET A BIT OF REST FIRST...

HE SLEPT...AND IN HIS DREAMS, A STRANGELY FAMILIAR SHAPE MATERIALIZED!

HOLY SMOKES! --IT'S FATHER TIME HIMSELF! BUT IT CAN'T BE!

BUT IT IS! LISTEN, MORTAL... CAREFULLY! I HAVE REVEALED MYSELF TO YOU FOR A PURPOSE! I COME WITH A WARNING!



YOUR FIANCEE IS **RIGHT!** YOU FLIRT WITH DISASTER! NO MAN MAY FLOUT THE FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE! TAMPER WITH TIME AND YOU MAY DISTURB THE NATURAL FLOW OF EVENTS!

I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND! WHAT COULD HAPPEN?

MUCH! TAKE HEED -- DARE GO BACK INTO TIME, AND YOU MAY RETURN TO A **DIFFERENT** WORLD!

IT'S **RIDICULOUS** --ALMOST AS IF THERE WERE SOMEONE IN THE ROOM WITH ME! BUT I'M **STILL** GOING THROUGH WITH MY PLANS!

SO BE IT! BUT REMEMBER-- **YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!**



THEN BART AWOKES...BUT THE DREAM HAD BEEN SO VIVID THAT HE STILL SEEMED TO HEAR THE ECHO OF THE FATEFUL WORDS OF WARNING...



THROUGH A WHIRLING VORTEX OF SPINNING DARKNESS-- WHERE MINUTES SEEMED LIKE EONS! THEN--

YIPPEE! I DID IT-- I TURNED BACK THE CALENDAR-- TO COLONIAL AMERICA! NOW TO HAIL THOSE PILGRIMS!

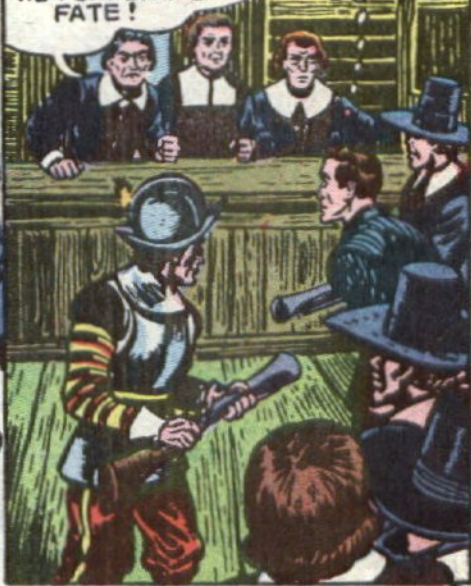
HI, FELLAG-- CAN YOU SHOW ME THE BIG WHEEL AROUND HERE?

PRITHEE-- THY TALK IS STRANGE, FELLOW-- AS IS THY DRESS! THOU HAD BEST COME TO THE COUNCIL-- QUICKLY!

STUNNED BY BART'S STRANGE DRESS, SPEECH, AND BEHAVIOR, THE VILLAGE COUNCIL ACTED AT ONCE--

HE IS DOUBTLESS A WIZARD!-- A PRACTISER OF THE BLACK ARTS! IMPRISON HIM, WHILE WE PONDER HIS FATE!

OH-OH! HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO THEM THAT I'M A SCIENTIST?



BART HAD HEARD HOW THEY TREATED WIZARDS IN THOSE DAYS! HE KNEW THAT HIS LIFE ITSELF WAS IN JEOPARDY--

THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OUT-- I'LL HAVE TO REGORT TO FORCE!

BIND HIM TIGHTLY WHILE HE AWAITS JUDGMENT!

FROM HIS POCKET, BART TOOK A SMALL OBJECT-- TORE LOOSE FROM HIS CAPTORS--

GOOD THING I BROUGHT THAT HAND GRENADE ALONG! I'LL AIM AT THE GROUND, JUST TO SCARE THEM BACK--



GOOD GOSH, I'M AFRAID I MAY HAVE INJURED SOME OF THEM! I DIDN'T WANT TO-- BUT I HAD TO SAVE MY LIFE! I'LL HAVE TO GET BACK TO THE TIME MACHINE-- FAST!

MADE IT! NOW FOR A RETURN TO GOOD OLD 1955!



A TERRIBLE DREAD DOGGED THE BRIEF RETURN JOURNEY! WHAT WOULD HE FIND?... WHAT CHANGES MIGHT HIS JOURNEY INTO TIME HAVE WROUGHT?

THANK GOODNESS-- **NOTHING'S** CHANGED! EVERY-THING IS **EXACTLY** AS I LEFT IT!



BUT-- THROUGH THE OPEN DOORWAY--

GREAT GUN! THE CITY-- IT'S GONE! THERE'S NOTHING HERE BUT A WILDERNESS!



AND NOW ONCE AGAIN TO HIS FEYERED IMAGINATION--THE FIGURE OF FATHER TIME--

YOU WERE WARNED OF THE PERILS OF DISRUPTING NATURE'S COURSE! A MAN WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY YOUR GRENADE--**THE FOUNDER OF THIS CITY!** WITH HIM DEAD--IT WAS NEVER BUILT!

NEVER BUILT? THEN WHAT ABOUT THE INHABITANTS? WHAT ABOUT--



LONNIE! SHE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HERE AT FOUR... W--WILL SHE BE?

NO, MY SON! YOU SEE-- YOU KILLED HER ANCESTOR, **JOHN HOLMES!**

"AND THUS-- LONNIE WAS NEVER BORN!"

OH, NO! BUT-- THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT! THERE MUST BE A WAY FOR ME TO UNDO THE HARM I'VE CAUSED!

PERHAPS-- BUT I AM POWERLESS TO HELP YOU!



WAIT-- I'VE GOT IT! I'LL GO BACK AGAIN-- AND SEE TO IT THAT NO HARM COMES TO JOHN HOLMES! THAT WAY I'LL SAVE THE CITY, AND GET LONNIE BACK!



BACK ONCE MORE TO THE 17TH CENTURY! BUT THIS TIME, BART WAS PREPARED TO ALTER THE FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE HE HAD CAUSED...

MY TIMING WAS PERFECT-- IT'S EXACTLY TEN MINUTES BEFORE MY LAST ARRIVAL! HOPE THIS PILGRIM'S COSTUME FOOLS 'EM!



TO THE VILLAGE, AND A DIFFERENT RECEPTION--

PRITHEE, FRIENDS-- I SEEK ONE JOHN HOLMES--

THE LARGE HOUSE NEAR THE SOUTH BLOCKHOUSE, NEIGHBOR!



MINUTES LATER, AS BART FACED LONNIE'S ANCESTOR--

YES, I AM JOHN HOLMES-- BUT STATE THY BUSINESS SWIFTLY-- I AM NEEDED ELSEWHERE!

HURRY, JOHN-- THE VILLAGE COUNCIL HAS CONDEMNED A WIZARD-- YOU'RE WANTED TO SIGN THE WARRANT FOR HIS EXECUTION!



A DESPERATE GAMBLE-- WITH HIS SWEETHEART'S LIFE AT STAKE!

I CAN'T ERASE THAT HAND-GRENADE EXPLOSION FROM TIME-- IT HAPPENED AND IT'LL HAPPEN AGAIN AS SOON AS THE TIME FOR IT COMES IN A FEW MINUTES! BUT I CAN STOP HIM FROM BEING THERE!

SORRY, PAL-- BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN PREVENT YOU FROM GETTING KILLED!



BACK HOME... TO THAT STILL-PERSISTENT VISION--

WELL, I SAVED JOHN HOLMES! NOW, HOW ABOUT LONNIE-- IS SHE ALL RIGHT?

YES, SHE IS FINE, BUT--



SO GREAT WAS BART'S RELIEF-- HE BARELY HEARD THE SOLEMN WORDS--

REMEMBER-- I WARNED YOU-- BUT IF YOU STILL WANT TO SEE LONNIE--

I'VE GOT TO SEE HER! WHERE IS SHE?



WHEN YOU STRUCK JOHN HOLMES, YOU DESTROYED HIS MEMORY-- MADE HIM AN INVALID! HIS SWEETHEART WAITED 15 YEARS TO MARRY HIM! THUS-- HERE IS YOUR FIANCEE, FIFTEEN YEARS YOUNGER!

THE END

GIVEN - PREMIUMS Or CASH Commission - GIVEN

OUR
60th
YEAR

ACT NOW

BE FIRST



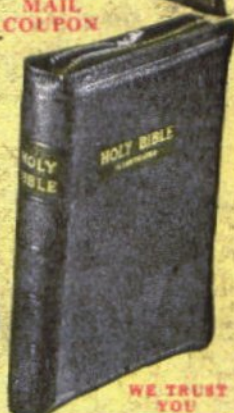
BE
FIRST



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OUR 60TH YEAR



BE
FIRST

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ONCE IN A
LIFETIME

-LOOK-
A REAL LIVE
PONY



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We Trust You



60th
YEAR



BOYS
GIRLS

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ACT
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Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. A-27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
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Name.....Age.....
St.....RD.....Box.....
Town.....Zone.....State.....
Print LAST Name Here.....

Fasten on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy
I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in **10**
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

Yes! You still can win \$100 and other 25th Anniversary Prizes, if you MAIL coupon below NOW. Your success can soon be like mine. A few weeks ago I was a skinny weakling like you. I had no guts to fight for my rights. TODAY everyone admires my champ movie-star build. My mighty ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My wide manly SHOULDERS. My POPULARITY with boys. The way GIRLS go for me—once so girl-shy. My new prowess in SPORTS. My new quickness in STUDIES. My double-energy at work.

There's that skinny scarecrow JOHN. Let's pass him by!



John Sill
NOW

I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
MUSCLES!

Which of these
2 ME'S is YOU?

that 125 lb.—6 ft. ■
CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 10¢
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
coupon below as I did.
Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3½ inches to **EACH**
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

John Sill
Before



Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give **YOU**

A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.



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"Champion of Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect Man Contest

JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. **WEAKLING**
LOOK at him **NOW**.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe
as YOU
can be!
soon!

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS**. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an **ALL-AROUND, ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN WINNER**—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent.

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Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

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- 2. MUSCLE METER**

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